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IN MEMORIAM ALEXANDER GOLDSTEIN





The Idea and Vision of Abraham Lincoln

and

The Coming of Theodore Roosevelt



BY DANIEL W. CHURCH

CHICAGO
THE BERLIN CAREY COMPANY

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____ and ___

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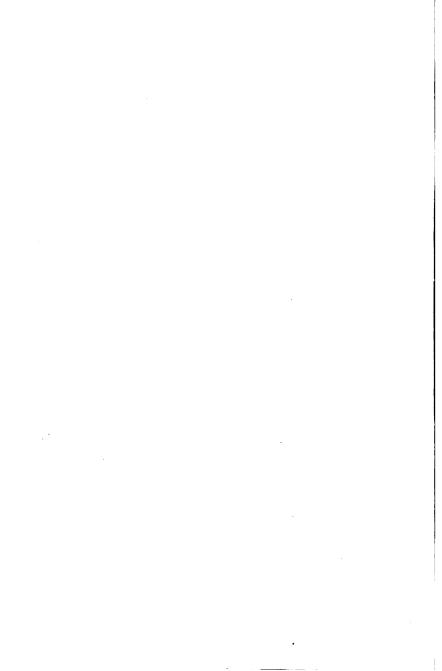
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Foreword

We have got to have industrial justice, or we will have government ewnership, and that failing we will have industrial chaos and beyond. And the industrial justice that will save us from it is not the industrial justice of a few of us, but the institutional justice of all of us.



The Idea and Vision of Abraham Lincoln

A HUNDRED years ago an event occurred in a little floorless cabin in the State of Kentucky that we have not yet seen the full result of, nor will we see the full result of it for many years to come.

Just the number of persons present we do not know, but certain it is that there was a neighboring housewife or two, and Nancy Hanks-Lincoln, and perhaps her little two-year-old daughter Sarah—and no more. For there was no physician, and Thomas Lincoln was away, and did not return until the event was over.

To all others, so far as we know, what occurred remained unknown until the next morning, when Thomas Lincoln carried the news of it to the Sparrow family, some two miles away, where he announced it in this simple manner: "Nancy's got a baby boy."—Nancy being the niece of Mrs. Sparrow.

And all unconscious of the importance of what she was about to do, the good woman of the house hastily cleared up the breakfast table, and went over the same way that the father had come to where the young child was.

And Dennis Hanks, a ten-year-old cousin of the new baby, who lived with the Sparrows, and ran ahead and got there first, tells us that "she washed him, an' put a yaller fiannen petticoat on him, an' cooked some dried berries with wild honey fur Nancy, an' slicked things up a bit an' went home. And that," he says, "is all the nuss'n either

of them got, 'cept what old Tom giv' 'em."

And so far as we know, it was through the Sparrows and Cousin Dennis that the news was spread that a child had been born that night in the little cabin in the bleak Kentucky hills, and that he was called Abraham, after his grandfather Lincoln, who was killed by the Indians while working in his fields many years before.

Certain it is that Cousin Dennis took no pains to keep the matter a secret, for he tells us that "babies weren't as thick as blackberries in the woods o' Kentucky," and that he "was well-nigh tickled to death" at the coming of this one.

"I rolled up," he says, "in a b'ar-skin that night, an' slep' by the fire-place, so I could see the little feller when he waked up. An' Tom had to get up and tend him. Nancy let me hold him purty soon."

And when asked if Abe was a goodlooking baby, he said:

"Well now, he looked jist like any other baby at fust—like red cherry-pulp squeezed dry. An' he didn't improve much as he growed older. Abe never was much fur looks. I recollect how Tom joked about his long legs when he was toddlin' 'round the cabin.

"But," he says, "looks didn't count much them days, no how. It was strength, an' work, an' daredevil."

And this child was a child of destiny, and grew and waxed strong.

"He was right out in the woods," Dennis tells us, "'bout as soon's he was weaned, fishin' in the crick, settin' traps fur rabbits, an' muskrats, goin' on coon-hunts with Tom an' me an' the dogs, an' drapin' corn fur his pappy."

And when asked if they were poor, he said:

"Pore? We were all pore them days, but the Lin-

colns was porer than anybody. Choppin' trees, an' grubbin' roots, an' splitting rails, didn't leave Tom no time to put a puncheon-floor in his cabin. It was all he could do to get his fambly enough to eat an' kiver 'em. Nancy was terrible ashamed o' the way they lived, but she knowed Tom was doin' his best, an' she was n't the pesterin' kind.

"She was as purty as a pictur' an' as smart as you'd find 'em anywhar. She could read and write. The Hankses was some smarter 'n the Lincolns. Tom thought a heap o' Nancy, an' was as good to her as he knowed how to be. He didn't drink or swear, or play cards, or fight none, an' them was drinkin' an' cussin' an' quarrelsome days.

"When Nancy married Tom he was workin' in a carpenter-shop. It wasn't Tom's fault, but he could n't make a livin' by his trade. So he took up some land. It was mighty ornery land, but it was the best he could get, when he didn't have much to trade fur it."

But no matter how, or by whom, the tidings of the birth of this child was spread in that poor neighborhood, for it is not his becoming known there that is important to us, but his becoming known elsewhere, and in a far different way from what he became known there, and in a far different way from what he became known in the poor neighborhood in Indiana in which his parents soon moved, of which we get some intimate glimpses from his interested cousin Dennis, who accompanied them.

"Tom," he says, "got hold o' a better farm after while; but he couldn't get a clear title to it, so when Abe was about eight years old, an' I was about eighteen, we all lit out fur Indiany.

"Nancy emptied the shucks out o' the tow-linen ticks, an' they piled everything they had with takin' on the backs o' two pack-hosses" (which were borrowed).

"Tom could make pole-beds an' puncheon-tables an' stools easier'n he could carry 'em. Abe toted a gun, an' kep' it so dry on the raft crossin' the Ohio that he shot a turkey with it the fust day we got to Indiany. An' he was so proud of it that he couldn't stop talkin' about it till Tom hollered to him to quit.

"Tom brought his tools and traded fur some land with Mr. Gentry. It was in Spencer County, back a piece from the Ohio river. We had to chop down trees to make a road to it. But it was good land, in the timber whar the women could pick up their firewood, an' on a crick with a deer-lick handy, an' a good spring o' water.

"We all lived in pole-sheds fur a year. Don't know what pole-sheds is? Well, they're jist shacks o' poles roofed over, but left open on one side—no floor, no fire-place. I don't see how the women folks lived through it.

"'Bout the time we got our cabins up the Sparrows both died o' milk sickness, an' I went to Tom's to live. Then Nancy died o' the same disease. The cows et pizen weeds, I reckon. O Lord, O Lord, I'll never furget it, the misery in that cabin in the woods when Nancy died.

"Abe an' me helped Tom make the coffin. He took a log left over frum makin' the cabin, an I helped him whipsaw it into planks an' plane 'em. Me 'n Abe held the planks while Tom bored the holes an' put them together with pegs Abe'd whittled."

Just to think of it! Little Abe whittling pegs to hold his mother's coffin together! What could be more pathetic and heart-breaking than that?

"I reckon," Dennis says, "it was thinkin' o' Nancy that started Abe to studying that winter. He could read an' write, Nancy an' me'd taught him that. An' he had gone to school a spell, but it was nine miles than an' back, an' a

poor make-out fur a school anyway. Tom said it was a waste o' time fur him to go, an' I reckon he was right."

Yes; it was thinking of his mother that started Abe to studying that winter, for this child had been selected to render us a great service, and given a great idea to guide him in it, and his sorrow for the loss of his mother so far developed it that he sought to give expression to it.

And Dennis tells us that, "after spellin' through the spellin'-book twict he tuk to writin' his name on the cabin, the fence rails, and the wooden fire-shovel, with a bit o' charcoal. It pestered Tom a heap," he says, "to have Abe writin' all over everything, but Abe was just wropped up in it."

"'Denny,' he says to me many a time, 'Look at that, will you? Abraham Lincoln. That stands fur me. Don't look a blamed bit like me.' An' he'd stand an' study it a spell. 'Peared to mean a heap to Abe."

And it did mean a heap to Abe. And it has comes to mean a heap to us.

"When Tom got mad at his markin' the cabin up," Dennis says, "Abe tuk to markin' trees Tom wanted to cut down with his name, an' writin' it in the sands at the deerlick."

Where it washed out. But he afterwards wrote it where it did not wash out—and will not wash out.

And having immersed his child in poverty and sorrow, and thereby so far developed the idea that had been given to him as to commit him to it, fortune now smiled upon him, and gave him a mother in the place of the one that had been taken away from him.

In telling us about it Dennis says:

"Tom he moped around. He put the corn in, in the Spring, an' left Abe an' me to tend it, an' lit out fur Kain-

tucky. An' we was well-nigh tickled to death when he brung a new wife home.

"She'd been Sairy Bush, an Tom'd been in love with her before he met up with Nancy. But her folks wouldn't let him have 'er because he was so shif'less. So she married a man named Johnston, an' he died, an' she an' Tom got married.

"She had three children of 'er own, an' a four-hoss wagon load o' goods—feather pillers, an' homespun blankets, an' patchwork quilts, an' a chest o' drawers, an' a flax wheel, an' a soap kettle, an' cookin' pots, an' pewter dishes.

"I reckon we was all purty ragged and durty when she got thar. The fust thing she did was to tell me to tote one o' Tom's carpenter benches to a place outside the door, near the hoss-trough. Then she had me 'n Abe an' John Johnston, her boy, fill it with spring water. An' then she put out a gourd full o' soap, an' told us boys to wash up fur dinner.

"You jist naturally had to be somebody when Aunt Sairy was around. She had Tom build her a loom, and when she heered o' some lime-burners bein' around she had Tom mosey over an' git some, an' whitewash the cabin. An' he made her an ash-hopper, an' a chicken-house nothin' could git in to.

"Aunt Sairy was a woman o' property, an' could 'a' done better, I reckon. But Tom had a kin a' way with the women, an' maybe it was somethin' she tuk comfort in to have a man that didn't drink, or swear none.

"She n'ade a heap more o' Tom, too, than poor Nancy did, an' before winter he'd put in a new floor he'd whipsawed an' planed off so she could scour it. An' made some good beds an' cheers, an' tinkered the roof so it

couldn't snow on us boys 'at slep' in the loft.

"Thar was eight of us to do fur, but Aunt Sairy had faculty, an' didn't 'pear to be hurried or worried none Little Sairy cherked right up, with a mother an' two sisters fur company.

"She married," Dennis tells us, "purty young, an' died with her fust baby."

But while the book that fortune thus threw into his hands so far developed the idea that had been given him that he sought to give expression to it by writing his name on the fence rails, and the fire-shovel, and in the sands at the deer-lick, it did not so far develop it that he could give expression to it, and as he could get no help from those about him, he turned to books.

"Denny," he would say, "the thing I want to know is in books, an' my best friend's the man that will get me one."

"Well," Dennis says, "books weren't as plenty in them days as wild-cats, but I got him one by cuttin' cordwood."

How he was directed in the selection of it he does not tell us, but certain it is that he was rightly directed in it, for what little Abe needed was something to arouse his imagination to lead his idea out, and the book that Dennis got for him was of all books the best suited for it, for it was "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

"It had a lot of yarns in it," Dennis tells us. "One I recollect was about a feller that got near some darned rock that drawed all the nails out o' his boat, an' he got a duckin'. Wasn't a blamed bit o' sense in it, but Abe'd lay on his stumick by the fire, an' read out loud to me an' Aunt Sairy by the hour, an' we'd laugh when he did, though I reckon it went in at one ear and out at the other with her as it did with me.

- " 'Abe.' I sez, many a time, 'them yarns is all lies.'
- "'Mighty darn good lies,' he'd say, an' go on readin' an' chucklin' to himself, till Tom'd cover up the fire fur the night an' shoo him off to bed."

But little Abe not only needed something to arouse his imagination to lead his idea out, but he needed something to associate it with after it was led out. And to supply him with this, fortune threw into his hands a copy of "The Revised Statutes of Indiana," which was just suited for it was for an earlier form of his idea and served him the same purpose in developing it that is served those that develop mechanical ideas by the earlier forms of them, and Dennis tells us that he would lie over it half the night

But while the book that fortune thus threw into his hands was of great value to him, being an earlier form of his idea, and not the form that he sought to give it, it did not satisfy him, and he became more anxious for books than ever.

"He cut four cords o' wood onct," Dennis tells us, "to get one stingy little slice o' a book. It was the life of George Washington."

And from this on it was books and ever more books. "Seems to me now," Dennis says, "I never seen Abe after he was twelve 'at he didn't have a book in his hand, or in his pocket. He'd put a book inside his shirt an' fill his pants pockets with corn dodgers an' go off to plow, or hoe, an' when noon come he'd set under a tree an' read an' eat. An' when he came home at night he'd tilt a cheer back by the chimbly and put his feet on the rung, an' set on his back-bone an' read.

"Aunt Sairy always put a candle on the mantelpiece fur him if she had one. An' as like as not Abe'd eat his supper thar, takin' anything that she'd give him that he

could gnaw at an' read at the same time.

"I've seen many a feller come in an' look at him, Abe not knowin' that anybody was around, an' sneak out ag'in like a cat, an' say, 'Well, I'll be darned.' It didn't seem nateral nohow to see a feller read like that. Aunt Suiry never let the children pester him. She always said Abe'd be a great man some day, an' she wasn't goin' to have him hindered."

And now the scene changes.

"Well," old Dennis says, "le' me see. Yes, I reckon !t was John Hanks 'at got res'less fust an' lit out fur Illinois, an' wrote fur us all to come, an' he'd git land fur us. Tom was always ready to move. He never had his land in Indiany paid fur anyhow.

"So he sold off his corn an' hogs, an' piled everything into ox wagons an' we all went, the Lincolns an' the Hankses an' Johnstons, all hangin' together. I reckon we was like one o' them lost tribes o' Israel that you can't break up nohow. An' Tom was always lookin' fur the land o' Canaan.

"Thar was five famblies of us, an' Abe. It tuk two weeks to git thar, raftin' over the Wabash, cuttin' our way through the woods, fordin' rivers, pryin' wagons out o' sloughs with fence rails, an' makin' camp.

"Abe cracked a joke every time he cracked a whip an' found a way out o' every tight place while the rest o' us was standin' 'round scratchin' our fool heads. I reckon Abe an' Aunt Sairy run that movin', an' it's a good thing they did, of it'd a' be'n run onto swamp an' sucked under.

"Abe helped put up a cabin fur Tom on the Sangamon, clear fifteen acres fur corn, an' split walnut rails to fence it...'

. Abe was some'ers 'round twenty-one." 1

And here we must part with Tom, Aunt Sairy, and Cousin Dennis, for here little Abe, no longer little, parted with them, and went out in the world. so far as outward wealth was concerned, except for his axe and the clothes on his back, as poor as when he came into it. And to support himself, among other things he split three thousand rails that Fall, walking three miles to his work.

And the next Spring Denton Offutt hired him to take a boat-load of stock and provision to New Orleans where we are told that seeing for the first time human beings put upon the block and sold like cattle, he said:

"Boys, let's get away from here,"

And that as they went away he said: "if ever I get a chance to hit that thing I'll hit it hard."

Which he afterwards did.

That Fall—the Fall of 1831—after returning from New Orleans he became a clerk in Offutt's store in the town of New Salem, where his idea again asserted itself, as did his hunger for books to assist him in developing it, and he read everything that he could get hold of, and wrote of everything that he read, and so far developed it by doing so that he again sought to give expression to it.

And being associated as it was in his mind with the form of it that had been thrown into his hands while in Indiana—"The Revised Statutes" of that State—it gave him consciousness that the way to do so was through them, or

¹ For the foregoing statements of Dennis Hanks we are indebted to an interview had with him by Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson in 1889 at Charleston, Illinois, a full account of which she has put into a little book entitled "The Boyhood of Lincoln," published by Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.

rather through the political institutions they represented, and he announced himself as a candidate for the legislature and began making speeches to secure his election.

But this was soon put a stop to, for the Blackhawk War coming on, he enlisted, and was elected Captain of his company, and for the first time became officially connected with the institutions of his country. And as it was through the institutions of his country that he sought to give expression to the idea that had been given him, it gave him more satisfaction, as he afterwards said, than any other success of his life.

But the war was soon over, and coming back he renewed his canvass for the legislature, but was defeated.

And in the meantime, what with his interest in his idea, and Offutt's interest in him—for neglecting his business, he went about declaring that "Abe was the greatest man in the United States, and would be President some day—" the store, as Lincoln put it, "petered out," and left him without employment, and he thought of learning the black-smith's trade.

But his fate would not have it so, and persuaded him to buy a half-interest in a store, although he had nothing to give for it but his note, and his partner was as poor as he was.

And having done so, he again settled himself to reading, and his partner settled himself to drinking; and to prevent them from breaking up before he had read the books that it was necessary for him to read to do the work that had been laid upon him, it pursuaded them to buy the stock of two stores more and add to the stock of the first one, which they accordingly did, giving their notes for the entire thing.

And now that he was comfortably settled in reading, and his partner comfortably settled in drinking, his fate

appeared to him in the guise of an emigrant going through town and sold him a barrel without his looking into it.

He relates the visitation in this wise:

"One day," he says, "a man who was migrating to the West drove up in front of the store with a wagon which contained his family and household plunder. He asked me if I would buy an old barrel for which he had no room in his wagon, and which he said contained nothing of special value.

"I did not want it, but to oblige him I bought it, and paid him, I think, half a dollar for it. Without further examination I put it away in the store and forgot all about it.

"Some time after in overhauling things I came upon this barrel, and emptying it upon the floor to see what it contained, I found at the bottom of the rubbish a complete set of Blackstone's Commentaries. I began to read these famous works. And the more I read the more interested I became. Never in my life was I so thoroughly absorbed. I read until I devoured them."

And then he got other law books and devoured them. And what with his reading law in one end of the store, and his partner drinking in the other, their business slipped away from them, and his partner ran off and left him to pay the notes that they had given for it.

Which was fair enough, for his partner got nothing out of the venture, while he got the knowledge of the law out of it which it was necessary for him to have to do the work he was selected for.

But while such was the purpose of the knowledge of the law that he thus acquired, the idea that had been given him was not yet sufficiently developed to give him consciousness of it, and his fate again immersed him in sorrow to develop it further that he might not lose sight of

the work that he was selected for in the practice of it.

And this is the way she did it:

Among the young men who early took up their abode in the town of New Salem was John McNiel, as he called himself, from the State of New York. And he fell in love with Ann Rutledge, and she in love with him, and they became engaged; of which Lincoln was aware, but thinking that it was no affair of his he paid no attention to it.

And in the meantime he was appointed Postmaster of the little town that they lived in. And so after a time it went on—he handling the mail that came and went, and John McNiel making love to Ann Rutledge.

But in coming West, McNiel had left his parents behind, and he and Ann decided that before their marriage he should go back after them. And he set out upon his journey.

Before going far, however, he took sick of a fever, and was sick a long time, not even being able to write letters to her, which she came every day to the Post Office expecting to receive. And finally she told Lincoln of the distress that she was in, and in his pity for her he fell in love with her himself, and told her of it.

And who could blame him? For we are told that "she was of sweet and gentle manner, with blue eyes and golden hair, with lips as red as cherries, and cheeks like the wild rose."

And despairing of her lover ever returning, she listened to him, and they became engaged.

But her heart was elsewhere; and before the day set for the wedding she sickened and died, and he was plunged into the deepest sorrow.

And that abiding melancholy, that painful sense of the incompleteness of life that his developing idea gave him,

and that is seen in all his likenesses, asserted itself, and clouded his mind.

We are told that one stormy night he sat with head bowed in his hands while tears ran down his cheeks, and that to a friend who begged him to control his sorrow he said:

"I cannot! The thought of the snow and rain falling on her grave fills me with indescribable grief."

We are further told that he was often seen walking alone, muttering strange things to himself, and that his friends kept a close watch on him; and that finally one of them took him to his home and kept him there until he recovered.

Ann, Rutledge was buried in Concord Cemetery where Lincoln often went to weep over her grave.

"My heart is buried there," he once said to a friend who accompanied him.

But his sorrow so far developed his idea that he became more anxious to give expression to it than ever, and he again announced himself as a candidate for the legislature, and was elected, but his idea had not yet sufficiently developed for anything to come of it.

But by the time the next legislature met, to which he was also elected, it had so far developed that he gave expression to it in the following protest that he drew up and signed with one other:

"Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

"They believe that the institution of slavery is founded both on injustice and bad policy, but that the promul-

gation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than to abate its evils.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has power under the constitution to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised without request of the people of the District."

And thus it came about that the idea that he sought to give expression to when a child by writing his name on the fire-shovel, and the fence rails, and in the sands of the deer-lick, he give expression to when a man, by writing it on a protest against the institution of slavery in the legislature of a sovereign State.—Abraham Lincoln.

And it meant a heap to Abe. For it so far developed his idea that it gave him consciousness that it was opposed to one of the institutions of his counry, and as he sought to give expression to it through the institutions of his counry, it revealed to him the difficulty of doing so. And while trying to reach a solution of it his friends thought that he was losing his mind. And hoping that a change of scenery would benefit him they sent him off to Kentucky.

What he suffered during this time we know something of from a letter that he wrote his partner who was in Washington as a member of Congress.

"I am," he wrote, "the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be a cheerful face on the earth. Whether I shall ever be better I cannot tell; I awfully forebode I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible. I must die or be better, it appears to me."

It was while in this condition of mind that he broke his engagement with Mary Todd, whom he afterwards married. We are told that the wedding supper was prepared, and that the guests were gathered, but that he failed to

appear, and that he was found the next morning in a dazed condition. Certain it is that something of the kind occurred.

And certain it is that while in Kentucky his idea sufficiently developed for him to begin to see his way, and that it was to be given expression through the General and not through the State government, for he came back much improved, and renewing the engagement that he had broken off with Mary Todd he got married, and announced himself as a candidate for Congress—against Edward D. Baker and John J. Harding.

But by the time the Convention came on, while his idea had so far developed as to give him consciousness that it was to be expressed through the General and not through the State government, it was not yet sufficiently developed to be so expressed; and upon Harding being nominated, which was done at his suggestion, he got the the Convention to pass a resolution pledging the nomination to Baker for the next term, thereby putting off the time of his entering Congress two years more, and making it surer that at the end of that time he would do so, by which time he hoped that his idea would be sufficiently developed for him to properly express it there.

Accordingly at the end of four years, which he spent in practicing law, which he had sometime before entered upon in Springfield—and in developing his idea further—he was duly nominated and elected.

But even then his idea was not sufficiently developed for him to give proper expression to it in Congress, and his election was a disappointment to him, as we know from a letter that he wrote to a friend about it, in which he said:

"Being elected to Congress, though I am grateful to

our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I expected."

And when he got to Washington he found that all that he could do towards giving expression to his idea was to express the consciousness that it had given him that it was opposed to the institution of slavery, as he had done in the State legislature, which he did by introducing a bill to abolish it in the District of Columbia, and by voting for "The Wilmot Proviso," declaring that it should not exist in any territory that might be acquired by he Mexican War, that was then in progress.

But while his idea was not sufficiently developed for him to give any further expression to it than he had given in the State legislature, his going to Washington was a great advantage to him, for while there he was invited to Boston to make a speech, where he heard the great antislavery advocate, William H. Seward, make one, which so far developed it that it gave him consciousness that the institution of slavery was an expression of an opposite one; and that however much his idea might be developed it could not be given expression through the government until the institution of slavery was out of the way. And that night as they sat talking he said:

"Governor Seward, I have been thinking over what you said in your speech. I reckon you are right. We have got to deal with this question of slavery, and got to give more attention to it hereafter than we have been doing."

And upon returning home his destiny again arose before him in the form of the resolution that he had got the Congressional Convention to pass when he first became a candidate, limiting Harding to one term, and which, being observed in the case of his successor Baker, limited him to one term also, and he was not again a candidate, and

went back to practicing law and developing his idea further.

But the matter now took another turn, for in 1854 Congress passed the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which in effect repealed the Missouri Compromise, which, being followed in 1856 by the Dred Scott decision, holding that property in slaves could be held in the Territories, was a step toward holding that property in them could be held in the States, and having consciousness that expression could not be given to his idea through the government until the institution of slavery was out of the way, the threatened extension of it alarmed him, and he began making speeches against it. And this led to something else.

For in doing so he associated the idea that had been given him with the idea that our fathers had got of it that all men are created equal, and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and his doing so gave him the idea that the nation could not continue to endure with a few of us governing the industrial action of part of us, or as he afterwards expressed it that it divided our house against itself, and that so divided it could not stand. And in a speech at Beardstown, Augtus 12. 1858, he said:

"The men who signed the Declaration of Independence said that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights,—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the universe. This was their lofty, and wise, and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to his creatures—yes, gentlemen, to all his creatures—to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief nothing stamped with the divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and imbruted by its fellows. They grasped not only

the whole race of men then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity. They erected a beacon to guide their children, and their children's children, and the countless myriads who shall inhabit the earth in all ages.

"Wise statesmen that they were, they knew the tendency of posterity to breed tyrants, and so they established these self-evident truths, that when in the distant future, some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, none but Anglo-Saxon white men, were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might again look up the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle their fathers began; so that truth, and justice, and all humane and Christian virtues might not be exinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the principles on which the temple of liberty is being built."

And in the meantime he and Judge Douglas, who brought in the Kansas-Nebraska bill, were nominated by their respective parties for the United States Senate, and Lincoln challenged him for joint debate, which challenge he accepted, and six days thereafter at Ottawa, where the first debate was held, in opening his speech Douglas said:

"Mr. Lincoln reads from the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal, and then asks, How can you deprive the negro of the equality which God and the Declaration of Independence awards him? He maintains that negro equality is guaranteed by the law of God and that it is asserted in the Declaration of Independence. If he thinks so, of course he has the right to think so, and so vote. I do not question Mr. Lincoln's conscientious belief that the negro is his equal, and hence his brother; but for my own part, I do not regard the negro as my equal,

and positively deny that he is my brother, or any kin to me whatever."

To which Lincoln replied:

"I agree with Judge Douglas that the negro is not my equal in many respects—certainly not in color, perhaps not in moral or intellectual endowment. But in the right to eat the bread, without the leave of anybody else, which his own hands earn, he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man."

I see him now through the mist of years, tall, gaunt, and sad-faced, burdened with his developing idea. Douglas, jovial, rotund, and low of stature, is standing behind him, for he is so disturbed by the turn that the debate has taken that he cannot keep his seat while Lincoln is speaking.

Over there is a banner held aloft by the hand of beauty and innocence, inscribed:

"Westward the star of empire takes its way, The girls link on to Lincoln, as their mothers were for Clay."

And over there another, inscribed:

"Abe the Giant killer."

And over there another, saying:

"The Litle Giant eating Abe up."

And over all the motto:

"Free Territories, and Free Men, Free Pulpits, and Free Preachers, Free Press, and Free Pen, Free Schools, and Free Teachers."

And now we hear the voice of Lincoln vibrant with the idea that had been given him.

"Now," he says, "my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions that would take away from its grandeur, and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated in our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back. Return to the fountain whose waters sprang close to the blood of the Revolution.

"Think nothing of me. Take no thought of the political fate of any man whomsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do any thing with me you choose if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death.

"While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something more than mere anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought of any man's success. I am nothing. Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that Immortal emblem of humanity—the American Declaration of Independence.

But there is something other than the speeches and banners of these debates that is important to us, for in the second of them at Freeport, Lincoln asked Douglas a question; and the answer that he gave to it will affect us to the very latest times.

The question was this:

"Can the people of a United States terrritory in any lawful way, against the wishes of any citizen of the

United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution.

And Douglas said yes to it, and so pleased his constituents that they elected him to the Senate; but because of his doing so, when the Convention of his party met in 1860 to nominate a candidate for president the Southern delegates refused to vote for him, and the Northern delegates refusing to vote for any one else, the Convention split and nominated two candidates—Douglas and Breckenridge—and Lincoln was elected over both.

And then the matter took another turn, for no sooner was it known that he was elected than the Southern States began to take steps to destroy the government, and having consciousness that it was through the government that the idea that had been given him was to be expressed, he begged them to desist:

"We are not enemies," he said, "but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely it will be, by the better angels of our nature."

There had been nothing more pathetic since Calvary.

But they heeded him not, and on the twelfth of the following April they fired upon Fort Sumter.

And then the idea that had been given him asserted itself in quite another way, and he called for seventy-five thousand men to save the Union.

And then the idea that our fathers had given us of it asserted itself in the same way, and we answered:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

"We'll rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again. Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

And thus it came about that the idea that had been given him was united with the idea that our fathers had given us of it on the field of battle and that every shot that we fired in the Civil War was fired for industrial as well as political liberty.

And that there might be no mistake as to his paramount purpose in the war, that it might not be thought that he waged it simply to destroy slavery, he said:

"If there are those who would not save the Union unless they could destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount purpose is to save the Union, and it is neither to save nor destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all of the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear, because I do not believe it will help to save the Union."

It was this paramount purpose of his, this purpose of his to save the government that our fathers created of our political action, that through it the idea that had been given him might be expressed in a government of our industrial action, that gave him that far-away look that was so frequently spoken of by those that knew him.

"He was a terribly homely man," says Colonel John F. McCook, who often saw him; "and yet there was something wonderful in his face, an intangible something like a light from within. He seemed to be always looking out

beyond the person he talked to or the scene he looked at."

Yes; he was looking out beyond the person he talked to or the scene he looked at—looking out beyond to you and to me, and to "our children, and our children's children, and to the countless myriads that shall inhabit the earth in all ages," by the light of the idea that had been given him.

But he not only looked out beyond the person he talked to or the scene he looked at, but he looked in at the idea that made it possible for him to do so, and this gave him that introspective look which was so frequently spoken of by those that knew him.

And it was this looking out to his vision, and back to the idea that gave rise to it, that was the paramount burden of this great soul, and not the burden that the South laid upon him. For in doing so he bore their burden as he bore ours. And as one that bears the burden of another feels the woes of another, he felt their woes as he felt ours, and they wrung from him an expression of anguish that has no parallel in all the annals of war.

"I have not suffered," he said, "by the South, I have suffered with the South.'

And its only parallel in moral grandeur was wrung from the lips of the martyr of Galilee:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Hannibal made war for revenge, Caesar and Alexander for ambition, Washington for justice and the love of his country, the Christ-like Lincoln for his love of the enemies of it, and the consciousness that he had that they were mistaken in being so.

Whom he loved he chastened.

That the South felt something of this is shown by the confession of one of her most sensitive souls:
"I love the South," he said.

"And dared for her to fight from Lookout to the sea
With her proud banner over me.
But from my lips thanksgiving broke,
When God in battle-thunder spoke,
And that black Idol, breeding drouth
And dearth of human sympathy
Throughout the sweet and sensuous South,
Was with her chains and human yokes
Blown hellward from the cannon's mouth,
While freedom cheered behind the smoke." 1

And a like confession was made by one of her greatest generals.

"Your loss," he said, "would have been our loss, and your gain has been our gain." 2

And what with his suffering and a great war to direct, he was able to keep one eye on his idea and the other on the vision that it gave him, marks him as one of the greatest men of all times. For the greatness of men is measured by the burdens that are laid upon them and the manner in which they bear them.

And no greater burdens were ever laid upon any man than were laid upon Abraham Lincoln. For had he lost sight of his idea he would have been lost in the mazes of his vision. And had he lost sight of his vision he would have been lost in the mazes of his idea. But he lost sight of neither, and with a steadiness of purpose that was sublime proceeded to the development of both.

¹ Maurice Thompson.

² General Longstreet, to the Union veterans at Atlanta.

And above the war for the Union his vision grew until it became the vision of his country as it is to be. And in it there was no slavery. And patiently abiding his time he wrote his name on a proclamation saving it so—Abraham Lincoln.

It meant a heap to Abe.

And it means a heap to us.

For thereby he made it possible for the idea that had been given him to be expressed through the government that our fathers created of our political action in a government of our industrial action.

And then he was stricken down, leaving us the heritage of his idea and his vision, and the duty of creating a government of our industrial action to correspond to them.

And his vision is arising before us even now, as the idea that was given him is struggling within us.

And in it I see arising a new temple of liberty, in which none will be hungry and receive not meat, none thirsty and receive not drink. For it will be dedicated to human need; and will have all the power of all the genius that has lived and wrought since the morning stars sang together.

And under its control will be the whirr of all spindles and the beating of all looms. And the machinery that now lifts the burden off of some of our backs will then lift the burden from all of our backs. For it will be under the control of the great heart of humanity that will heed the cry of sorrow and of hunger.

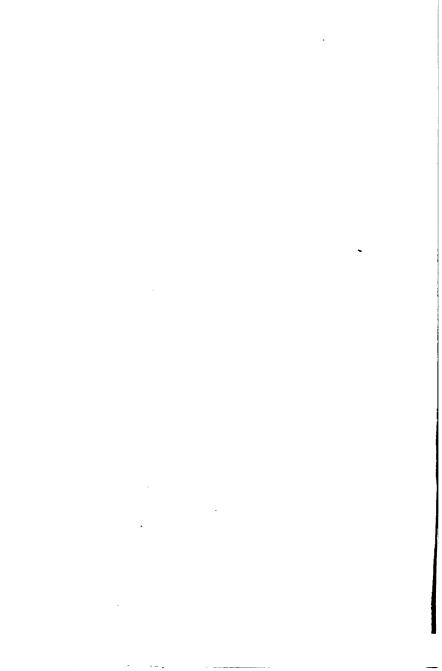
Against this great time that in his vision I plainly see, how poor and worthless our strifes appear! How as nothing the bickerings of the market and the greed of trade! For in the new time it will not be me and mine, but us and ours.

And while his vicion cannot be realized without difficulty, it will be no such difficulty as we have heretofore met with.

For since we left the birthplace of the race in our attempt to realize a right condition of society, our course has been marked with the graves of nations.

But this nation will not die.

Our difficulty will be that of birth; and we will be sustained in it by the consciousness that when it is over we will have realized the hopes and the aspirations of all the ages.



The Coming of Theodore Roosevelt

It is not possible to speak rightly of public men without understanding the times in which they appear among us, for it is by their action in relation thereto that we form our judgments of them. And as we know more about the times that have passed than the times that are passing, it is quite difficult to speak rightly of one that is living.

So it will be more difficult for me to speak rightly of Theodore Roosevelt than of Abraham Lincoln, for in speaking of Abraham Lincoln I had only to recount his action, and incidentally refer to the times of it, but in speaking of Theodore Roosevelt I will have to dwell upon the times of it.

And what is most characteristic of them is the unrest that exists among us, and the dissolution and reorganization of parties that is taking place among us, and to speak of Theodore Roosevelt rightly we have got to understand the cause of it.

Now one thing is sure: it is not caused by what we call bad times, for we are not having what we call bad times, for business is good, money is plenty, and labor is employed at fairly good wages.

It is true that the cost of living is high, but those

that it benefits are dissatisfied as well as those that it injures.

So we will have to look elsewhere for the cause of the unrest that exists among us, and the dissolution and reorganization of parties that is taking place among us. And in doing so it is natural for us to inquire if it ever occurred among us before.

And those of us that are acquainted with history will readily recall that it occurred prior to 1776, and prior to 1860. And it will suggest itself to us that if we can ascertain the cause of it at those times, we may be able to ascertain the cause of it now.

And it is easy to see that the cause of the unrest that existed among us, and the dissolution and reorganization of parties that took place among us prior to 1776 was our dissatisfaction with the government of the political action of all of us by a few of us, and that the cause of it prior to 1860, was our dissatisfaction with the government of the industrial action of part of us by a few of us.

From which we may safely conclude that the cause of the unrest that exists among us and the dissolution and reorganization of parties that is taking place among us is our dissatisfaction with the government of the industrial action of all of us by a few of us.

But the question yet remains, why are we dissatisfied with the government of the industrial action of all of us by a few of us?

And the answer to it is, for the same reason that we were dissatisfied with the government of the political action of all of us by a few of us, and with the government of the industrial action of part of us by a few of us, because it is contrary to our national idea, and is interfering with the development of it, and with the development of the nation from it.

And furthermore, that it is not only interfering with the development of our national idea, and with the development of the nation from it, but it threatens the destruction of our national idea, and the nation with it, for if, as Lincoln foresaw, the nation could not continue to endure with a few of us governing the industrial action of part of us, much less can it continue to endure with a few of us governing the industrial action of all of us.

For our national idea is not of recent origin, but only of recent blooming. And it isn't in full bloom yet. But it is budding everywhere. And wherever it buds and blooms, freedom springs. It's budding in China now. And we are about to put forth another flower of it.

So that primarily the question before the country is a moral one, as primarily the question before the country in 1776, and the question before the country in 1860 were moral ones.

It is the question of whether a few of us shall continue to govern the industrial action of all of us, and by doing so destroy our consciousness of right and wrong.

And no wonder we are singing religious songs, or songs set to religious music.

For our danger is not merely speculative but actual, and is manifesting itself in the increase of wrong doing among us.

It is this interference with the development of our national idea, and with the development of the nation from it, by the government of the industrial action of all of us by a few of us that is "the something wrong" that we have heard so much about, and that we have tried to account for in every way that we could think of.

Some times we have said that it was over production, and sometimes that it is the failure of crops. Sometimes we have said that it was because we didn't have enough

money. And sometimes we have said that it was because we had too much money.

But the tariff has been our favorite explanation of it. And that's the way the Democrats have got it in their platform that Bryan wrote for them.

But Bryan is not up-to-date, for he thinks that things were made perfect to start with by God and Thomas Jefferson, but that they are in the habit of falling down, and that our task is to set them up again. That our task is to regain what we lose, whereas it is to gain what we never had, compared with which setting up things that have fallen down is an easy matter.

But while the Democrats have got it in their platform that it is the tariff they have their doubts about it and for fear they are wrong they promise to put the rascals that it makes of us, big and little, in jail. Not knowing how to cut off the supply of them they promise us that they will take care of it.

But the trouble is that if the supply of them isn't shut off it won't be long until there won't be jails enough to hold them, or honest men enough to send them there, or to keep them there after we have gone to that trouble.

And finally they may go to putting honest men in jail, claiming that any one that hasn't any more sense than to be honest ought to be there, and there will be so many of them that they can prove it.

And then what will become of you and me and—and Bryan. We couldn't have him at our Chautauquas.

And then what would we do?

But to speak rightly of Theodore Roosevelt, it is not only necessary for us to know that the question before the country is whether a few of us shall continue to govern the industrial action of all of us, but it is neces-

sary for us to know that by the dissolution and reorganization of parties that is taking place among us, we are being lined up on it, as by the dissolution and reorganization of parties that took place among us prior to 1776, we were lined up on the question of whether a few of us should continue to govern the political action of all of us, and as by the dissolution and reorganization of parties that took place among us prior to 1860, we were lined up on the question of whether a few of us should continue to govern the industrial action of part of us.

And I am now to speak of Theodore Roosevelt's part in it.

When the Republican convention met at Chicago, it appeared to those that knew what was going on, that it was about equally divided between those that had the idea that a few of us should continue to govern the industrial action of all of us, and those that had the idea that they should not continue to do so, with those that had the idea that they should continue to do so in the majority.

And under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt those that had the idea that a few of us should not continue to govern the industrial action of all of us went out of it and formed the Progressive party, as in 1856 the Whig party was about equally divided between those that had the idea that a few of us should not continue to govern the industrial action of part of us, and those that had the idea that they should continue to do so, with those that had the idea that they should continue to do so in the majority, and under leadership of Abraham Lincoln those that had the idea that they should not continue to do so, went out of it and formed the Republican party.

And when the Democrat convention met at Baltimore, it appeared to those that knew what was going on that it was about equally divided in the same way, with those

that had the idea that a few of us should continue to govern the industrial action of all of us in the majority.

And under the leadership of William Jennings Bryan those that had the idea that a few of us should not continue to govern the industrial action of all of us tried to go out of it but did not succeed in doing so; although Bryan had the same chance of leading them out of it, that Roosevelt had of leading those that had the same idea out of the Republican Convention at Chicago.

For Roosevelt had the chance of leading the Progressives out of the Republican Convention at Chicago when the vote on Temporary Chairman showed that the party was about equally divided upon a question involving the perpetuity of the nation, and Bryan had the same chance of leading the Progressives out of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore.

But Roosevelt had another chance left him at Chicago, although a less one, and he waited for the question of fraud in the election of delegates to come up, and acted upon it.

And Bryan had another chance left him at Baltimore, although a less one, and he waited for the platform to come up and lost it, for the Standpatters told him to write the platform to suit himself.

And what he lost with it will never be known, for when he was struggling to separate the Progressives of his party from the Standpatters of it at Baltimore Roosevelt had not been nominated by the Progressives at Chicago, and had he succeeded in doing so it might now be Candidate Bryan, instead of Candidate Roosevelt.

And the candidate of the Progressive party this year will look mighty large when history comes to be written, compared to one going about the country advising Pro-

gressive Democrats to stay in a party that he tried to get them out of earlier in the season when there was a chance for him to corral them.

But to say nothing about the chance that Bryan lost of becoming the candidate of the Progressives instead of Roosevelt by his failure to deliver the Progressives of the Democratic party from it, had he succeeded in doing so the history of it would have been different, for it would have shared equally with the Republican party the glory of our next forward movement, and escaped the obloquy having opposed it, which it cannot do now.

For the Progressive Democrats are going out of it into the Progressive party, and the Standpat Republicans are going into it, and it will soon be lined up against the Progressive party on the question of whether a few of us shall continue to govern the industrial action of all of us, as it was lined up against the Republican party on the question of whether a few of us should continue to govern the industrial action of part of us, in our last forward movement.

But this was not Bryan's fault, for he was not living then, but the fault of Stephen A. Douglas.

For Douglas had the same chance to deliver the Progressives of the Democrat party from it in 1857 that Bryan had to deliver the Progressives from it in 1912, for that year the Standpat Democrats having fraudulently voted the Le Compton Constitution on the State of Kansas, making it a Slave State, President Buchanan favored admiting that state into the Union under it, and was backed by the majority of his party, and Douglas opposed it.

So that, as in Baltimore, it became apparent to those that knew what was going on, that the Democrat party was divided upon a question affecting the perpetuity of the nation, and, as with Bryan, it gave Douglas the chance of

going out of it and taking his followers with him.

And had he done so they would have either united with the Progressives that had gone out of the Whig party under the leadership of Lincoln, or the Progressives that had gone out of the Whig party under the leadership of Lincoln, would have united with them under his leadership, as had Bryan gone out of the Democrat party the Progressives that went out of it with him would either have united with the Progressives that went out of the Republican party under the leadership of Roosevelt, or the Progressives that went out of the Republican party under the leadership of Roosevelt would have united with the Progressives that went out of the Democrat party under his leadership.

And in either event the Democrat party would have shared equally with the Whig party the glory of our last forward movement, and escaped the obloquy of having opposed it, which it did not do, for the Progressive Democrats went out of it into the Republican party, and the Standpat Whigs went into it, and it was soon lined up as a Standpat party in favor of a few of us continuing to govern the industrial action of part of us against the Republican party, as it will soon be lined up as a Standpat party in favor of a few of us continuing to govern the industrial action of all of us against the Progressive party.

Of course had Douglas led his followers out of the Democrat party as Lincoln led his followers out of the Whig party, it would have died, as the Whig party died, and the Standpat Whigs, and the Standpat Democrats would have had to create a new party to stand pat in, as if Bryan had led his followers out of the Democrat party as Roosevelt led his followers out of the Republican party it would have died, as the Republican party is now doing, for it could not have survived a birth of that kind, any

more than the Whig party did, or the Republican party can do, but it would have died without the obloquy of opposing our progress as the Whig party did, and the Republican party is doing.

But after all, with the condition of mind that Bryan was in at Baltimore, and the condition of mind that Roosevelt was in at Chicago, it could not have been different, for we cannot do anything unless the idea of what we are undertaking to do is sufficiently developed in our minds to give us resolution to do it, and the idea of what Bryan undertook to do in Baltimore was not sufficiently developed in his mind to give him resolution to do it, and the idea of what Roosevelt undertook to do at Chicago was sufficiently developed in his mind to give him resolution to do it.

For while Theodore Roosevelt was filling out the term of President McKinley, the idea that had been given Abraham Lincoln so far developed in his mind as to give him the idea that the nation could not continue to endure with a few of us governing the industrial action of all of us, as while Abraham Lincoln was making speeches against the institution of slavery it so far developed in his mind as to give him the idea that the nation could not continue to endure with a few of us governing the industrial action of part of us.

And he began to administer the government according to that idea, and continued to do so during the term for which he was afterward elected, as Abraham Lincoln began to administer the government according to the idea that he had got that the nation could not continue to endure with a few of us governing the industrial action of part of us after he got to be President.

But the term for which Theodore Roosevelt was elected expiring, he went out of office under the mistaken no-

tion that it was his second term, recommending Mr. Taft as his successor, for while the idea that had been given him was sufficiently developed in his mind to give him the idea that the nation could not continue to endure with a few of us governing the industrial action of all of us, it was not sufficiently developed for him to see that Mr. Taft didn't have it or if he had, that it was not sufficiently developed in his mind to give him resolution to act upon it, and Mr. Taft has been lost in the office, when in ordinary times he would have made a very good President, for there are some good things about him—as there are about all of us.

But we made the same mistake in electing him President that we would have made had we elected George B. McClellan at the end of Lincoln's first term, for George B. McClellan did not have the idea that the nation could not continue to endure with a few of us governing the industrial action of part of us, or if he had it was not sufficiently developed in his mind to give him resolution to act upon it, and he would have been lost in the office, when in ordinary times he would have made a very good President, for there were some good things about him. He was a mighty good organizer, as Taft was not a bad judge.

But it is not too late to correct our mistake now, as it would have been too late to correct our mistake had we elected George B. McClellan to succeed Abraham Lincoln at the end of his first term, for the situation is not so acute now as it was then, and if we do the wise thing this fall we will call Theodore Roosevelt back to finish the work that he was selected for, as we called Abraham Lincoln back to finish the work he was selected for,

For the work that Abraham Lincoln was selected for was to lead us in doing away with the government of the industrial action of part of us by a few of us, while the

work that Theodore Roosevelt has been selected for is to lead us in doing away with the government of the industrial action of all of us by a few of us, and creating a government of it by ourselves, as the work that George Washington was selected for was to lead us in doing away with the government of political action of all of us by a few of us, and in creating a government of it by ourselves.

But Theodore Roosevelt has not only been selected to lead us in doing away with the government of the industrial action of all of us by a few of us, and in creating a government of it by ourselves, but he has indicated the first step to be taken towards it—that of creating a commission to govern the industrial action of our corporations, for we are to create our government of our industrial action through our corporations, as we created our government of our political action through our States.

Mind you, I do not say that Theodore Roosevelt is the only one of us that has the idea of a self-government of our industrial action, for we all have it more or less developed in our minds.

What I say is that it is more perfectly developed in his mind than in the minds of the most of us. Certainly more perfectly developed in his mind than in the mind of either Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson, for it is not sufficiently developed in the minds of either of them to see the first step to be taken towards it, or if so to give them resolution to speak of it, much less act from it.

It is true it is sufficiently developed in the mind of Mr. Wilson for him to see that we have got to govern the price of the articles and services that our corporations produce for us, but it is not sufficiently developed in his mind for him to see why we have got to do so. And he thinks that we have got to do so simply to prevent them from charging us too much for them, not because it is

necessary for us to do so to take the next step forward. And so he proposes to govern the price of them with the tariff.

Which reminds me of a man that I once heard of who insisted that an apple-peeler ought to be used for a fly-killer because once in a while one of them got in the cogs of it and was put an end to in that way.

But he isn't in circulation now, for he couldn't be taught any better, and his friends finally saw that he would have to be sent away, although there was a difference of opinion as to where he ought to be sent to, some of them insisting that he ought to be sent to Congress with the rest of them.

And there are people who think that Mr. Wilson ought to be sent to the White House because he is in a similar state of mind. They seem to think that it would be well to have Congress and the White House unanimously foolish.

Oh, Mr. Wilson is a Standpatter, for he hasn't the idea that we are proceeding from sufficiently developed in his mind to look forward from it, but only to look back from it.

He sees that we have got to do something, and not being able to see that we have got to do something new he thinks that we have got to do the same old things over again, only more of it.

His idea is to govern the price of the articles and services that our corporations produce by letting foreigners produce them for us, and leave us to settle the question of what we are to do with ourselves while they are doing so, and where we are to get the money to pay for them at the reduced price.

And what is the pity of it, Mr. Wilson, and all Standpatters, although they look back from the idea that we

are proceeding on, instead of forward from it, labor under the delusion that they are conservatives.

Whereas what we have got to do that is worth conserving can only be conserved by looking forward from it, and going forward from it, as what we had in 1776 and 1860, that was worth conserving could only be conserved by looking forward from it, and going forward from it.

For to conserve the nation we have got to go forward to the completion of our institutions. And if we do not do so we will go backward to the destruction of it.

For before us lie the green pasture, and still waters of plenty and peace.

Behind us the desert, and the mountains, over which we have marched with parched lips and bleeding feet.

With one more effort we may enter the land that our aspirations and our hopes have promised us ever since the sublime idea of our equality arose on our consciousness to guide us on our way.

And that until recently we had never doubted, or hesitated to follow, although our fidelity to it was tested at every step of our progress.

It was fidelity to this idea, the following it and trusting it that lead us in triumph through the Revolutionary War.

It was fidelity to this idea, the following it, and trusting it that lead us in triumph through the War of the Rebellion.

It was fidelity to this idea, the following it and trusting it, that led us in triumph through our war with Spain.

And it was only after that war was over, only after the last gun had been fired in the cause of liberty of Cuba that we turned our faces from its light.

But it will only be for a moment, for before long the fires of patriotism will be burning in all our hearts.

And we will again turn our faces towards the star that Washington set in our skies, and that Lincoln never lost sight of, and that Roosevelt has his eye on.

And following it we will go forward to our sublime destiny.

Not that of conquering the islands of the seas, but of establishing upon this continent a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, that cannot perish from the earth.

For when we have applied the idea to the government of our industrial action that our fathers applied to the government of our political action, we will have made the stars in our flag the complements of the stars in our skies, and the one enduring as the other.

For ours is to be the glory of the world's greatest achievement or the humiliation of its greatest defeat.

And it is up to you to say which it shall be.

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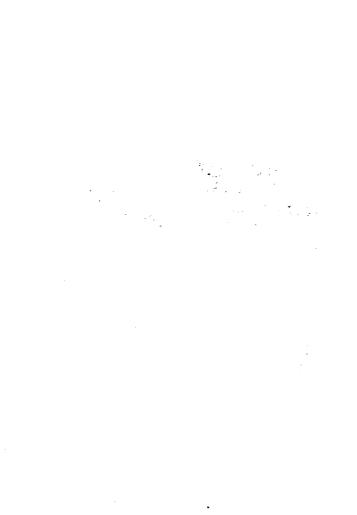
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something I have loved to think of for years, and something that I have by your exposition of the similarity between Lincoln and Christ. It is should very soon have a change for the better. I was especially touched have done very much. If only one percent of the men in the U.S. were writexpounded in conversation very much in the way you have expounded it. ing books like that, and fifty-one percent were reading them, I think we I am writing to thank you for AN INTERVIEW. I like what you

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